

with our people, they band together, and even identify themselves with political parties in the countries they have abjured; adhering to their national celebrations and processions, their national badges, and all other national distinctions. In times of elections, also, they league together, and go as one man for their own countryman, if they have a candidate; or, if they have none, for the candidate whose principles are the most congenial with their own peculiar views, having reference generally to some political topic agitated in Europe.

In the city of New York, about a year ago, they went so far, previous to an election, as to circulate handbills, exhorting their countrymen to cling together as one man in support of their countryman; declaring themselves already strong enough to carry their points if they would only be true to themselves; that they felt confident, by pursuing this course, they would succeed, at no distant day, in placing foreigners at the head of the Government. At a theatre in one of our cities, a band of foreigners refused to permit a young actor to perform his part, unless he would first come forward and denounce the conduct of his father in having defended our country against the vituperation and abuse of a scurrilous European demagogue, then, and now, the subject of a foreign Prince. And it cannot yet be forgotten, that, at a political meeting held in the city of New York, the fierce spirit of some emigrant aliens endeavored to drown the sober voice of the *Native Americans*, with the exclamation of—"Down with the natives!" This fact was, at the time, supported on the authority of many respectable individuals who attended the meeting.

These are only two of the many instances that might be cited to show that foreign politicians exert an undue influence over their countrymen here, and that these people have no disposition to forsake their first love. On the contrary, they take pains to cherish all those affections and emotions inspired in childhood, and which have grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength, until they have become too intimately twined around the heart to be separated and given to another. They cling with the whole energy of their hearts and souls to all their early recollections, and sigh for the green hills and shady groves, the lofty mountains, the pleasant vales and purling streams of their native land. By day they long for the happy hour when they may return to their father-land; and

"In dreams they revisit its sea-beaten shore."

How often do they say in their minds with another emigrant—

"Though distant, in spirit still present to me,  
"My best thoughts my country still linger with thee.  
"My fond heart beats quick, and my dim eyes run o'er.  
"When I muse on the last glance I gave to thy shore;  
"The chill mists of night round thy white cliffs were curled,  
"But I felt there was no spot like thee in the world.  
"In dreams, my loved country, my spirit still hails  
"Thy green daisied meadows, thy bright sunny sales,  
"When my heart shall grow cold to the mother who bore me,  
"When beauty and virtue no longer impart  
"Delight to my bosom, or joy to my heart,  
"Then the love I have cherished, my country for thee,  
"In the heart of thy lost child extinguished shall be."

All this is natural; nor will we say it is not commendable. Assuredly we would be the last to condemn such patriotic manifestations. Such, we trust and believe, would be the feelings and manifestations of every native American who retains the moral sense, whether he inhale the spicy airs of Asia, or dwell in the brilliant circles of European grandeur. Ought we to expect different conduct from aliens in our country? Surely not. But, while we would not condemn their love for their native land; and while entertaining similar predilections and affections ourselves for our own country we would consider ourselves guilty of shameful presumption to aspire in a foreign land to the highest political privileges enjoyed by the natives; we think it should disqualify them for a full participation with native Americans in political rights and privileges.

Our form of government and laws, purchased with the blood, and perfected by the wisdom of our fathers, are too sacred, and too dear to our hearts, to be yielded up without a struggle to strangers, whose fathers were with the foe on that great occasion, and whose affections belong to another people "away o'er the deep blue sea." The peculiar character of our institutions impart to us feelings of jealousy, and our country claims the whole heart of her devotees—their undivided affection.

It is the policy of our Government to maintain friendly relations with all foreign powers; but how can we expect to do this, and to cultivate peace with them, whilst portions of our citizens maintain alliance with portions of their disaffected subjects, and cultivate a deadly hatred for their legitimate governments?

We think it good cause of complaint, that foreigners should be admitted in five years to the enjoyment of those political rights which we deem it expedient to withhold from natives until they have been instructed in the principles of liberty and self-government for twenty-one years.

Another grievance is the appointment of foreigners to offices. This is rendered the more objectionable by the fact, that all such as have the employment of other persons under them, never employ natives if their own countrymen can be got. Did the spirit of democracy leave the nation when the patriot Jefferson retired from office? If his recommendations were followed, we might still hope that the foundations of freedom are steadfast. In a letter to Nathaniel Macon, the 14th May, 1801, after alluding to intended reformation in other departments; that apostle of liberty remarks—"a very early recommendation had been given to the Postmaster General to employ no printer, FOREIGNER, or revolutionary tory, in any of his offices."

That the character of emigrants to the United States has, for some years past, been suffering deterioration, must be apparent to the most casual observer. And the difference in favor of those of former years, cannot but be glaringly apparent to any one who has regarded them with any degree of attention for the last twenty years. This might be accounted for by examining into the past and present state of affairs in Europe, and by recollecting that patriotism and a love of freedom brought those, whilst interest—base and sordid interest—is the moving principle of a large majority of the emigrants of the present day. But, to enter into an investigation of the causes of this difference is foreign from our design. It is enough for our purpose to remind our countrymen of the fact. Many of them, reared in servility, and in total ignorance of the true principles of national liberty, come to our shores infatuated with the most extravagant notions—not of rational municipal freedom, but of licentiousness. Many of them, accustomed from childhood to cherish feelings of hatred and revenge towards the governments under which they have lived, together with the spirit of faction and insubordination which has been kept in check only by the bristling bayonets of a regular soldiery, come to our shores ready for disorganization, impatient of restraint, contemning our laws, and habitually indolent, turbulent, and intemperate.

Is proof of this required? behold our dram shops, our police courts, our almshouses, our jails and penitentiaries, and "be no longer doubtful but believing."

Others, again come with well grounded principles of monarchical government, and with talents and insinuating address soon worm themselves into places suitable for the operations for which they have been dispatched.

Let us not be understood to lay this down as a universal rule; we are happy to acknowledge there are exceptions enough to make it only general.

It is not the least of the evils attendant on this species of population, that many, even of the better sort, are indisposed to agricultural and other laborious pursuits; and no sooner do they set foot on the soil of freedom than they fix their eyes on office and authority, believing that they have not only as good a right as natives have, but also, that they are in fact far better qualified; and when they succeed, they either attribute it to superior merit, or the scarcity of properly qualified natives. They seem to be infatuated with the idea of wielding over others that power which held them in subjection in their native land, and loitering about our cities and towns, they become intriguing or brawling politicians as may best subserve their purposes. Their general success in obtaining offices and electing their candidates to the exclusion of native citizens of equal, and often superior merit, is of itself enough to show the growing strength of a foreign influence which, if it be not speedily checked, will, ere long, we have good reason to believe, subvert our republican institutions, and prestate the fair temple of liberty itself, which was erected by the immortal heroes of our glorious revolution.

Fellow-citizens, reflect! For whose benefit, more than all others, was our independence achieved? Was it not for the benefit of their descendants who achieved it, rather than of theirs who opposed its achievement?

Let us be perfectly understood. We wage no war against the vested rights of naturalized citizens. They are entitled under the constitution and laws to all privileges and immunities equally with us. We would interrupt none in the enjoyment of his privileges and favours conferred, so long as he demeans himself as a good and faithful citizen. But here we would draw the line, between the present and future, broad, deep, and forever impassable.

And let us repeat, our doors should be open to the virtuous oppressed of all nations. To such we would be happy to afford a resting place, security from the oppressors hand, the protection of impartial laws, and an upright judiciary, and the privileges of commerce. We would be pleased to reciprocate with them, all the relations of neighbors and friends. But never will we consent to share our dearest franchises at so cheap a rate as our present laws afford, even with them; much less with men who have been proscribed in their native land for infractions of law, and who are destitute of moral principle and stained with crime.

The National Intelligencer of the 17th July, 1837, extracts the following from a Liverpool paper: "The convict Meunier, was sent in custody of two gendarmes to Havre, on Sunday, by the French King. The sum of one thousand francs was given to him in order that on his arrival in America, he might not be entirely destitute. Boireau, the accomplice of Fieschi, whose sentence of twenty years imprisonment has been commuted into banishment, passed through Orleans, (France,) on Thursday, in the Diligence for a seaport, where he is to be embarked for the United States." The Metropolitan of the same date says, "A letter in a late number of the Allgemeine Zeitung, a German paper states, that two transports of German convicts, with passports as mechanics, are on their way to Baltimore. Particular caution is given of one named Jost." "It is horrible," the Zeitung remarks, "that such outcasts should be sent to other States."

All these have, doubtless, arrived ere this, and are, probably already applicants for naturalization. Four hundred thousand more are said to be preparing to emigrate to the United States.

If it is horrible in the view of a foreign journalist, that such creatures should be sent to our country, how much more so must it be to us, to reflect that these wretched outlaws will soon be placed by the laws of our land, on an equality, in political privileges, with the most virtuous and meritorious native American. Under such circumstances patience ceases to be a virtue, and delay becomes a crime.

Fellow citizens! It is for this generation—it is for us to achieve a great moral revolution. Already the American Eagle lies bleeding on the ground. We must fight manfully to gain the victory; but the wounded Eagle is desperate, and is the more formidable for being wounded and desperate.

Many native Americans, we do not doubt, will flock to the Foreign standard. The party of natives favorable to foreign rule, has always been formidable; we had hoped our Hercules—the sage of Monticello had destroyed the monster. But alas! we see it rearing its hydra head more formidable than ever. The power which foreigners bid fair, ere long to bring in one solid phalanx to the polls, is a temptation too great to be resisted by political aspirants whose self advancement and love of monarchical government occupy higher places in their affections than does their country's welfare.

Fellow citizens! We must expect to be misrepresented and slandered by all who are at heart unfriendly to republican institutions; and we ought not to be discouraged should our prospects be dimmed for a season by the mists which the fountains of malevolence may cast around them. Let us not tremble at the yell of political blood-hounds, or shrink from any demonstration made to despoil us of our rights. Let us not be discomposed by, but rather rejoice in persecution and detraction, for "thus it is with illustrious merit; its very effulgence draws forth the rancorous passions of low and groveling minds, which too often have a temporary influence in obscuring it from the world; as the sun, emerging with full splendour into the heavens, calls up, by the very fervour of his rays, the rank and noxious vapours which for a time beloud his glory."

Already we are falsely accused by the foreign and domestic confederacy, of being identified with one of the political parties into which this country has been heretofore divided. We abjure any such connexion. The individuals, we repeat, who compose our association belong to both the great political parties; and those parties cannot boast of friends more sincere, decided, ardent, and firm, than are many of the members of our Association; any attempt, therefore, to connect ourselves with either of those parties, it cannot but be apparent to any rational mind, must be suicidal.

We are also falsely accused of entertaining unkind feelings towards foreigners. To do this, we must needs execrate our own ancestors, whose memory we have the most substantial reasons to cherish and revere. But in vain did they brave the boisterous deep and the ferocious savage; in vain they resisted the op-

pression of a foreign monarch, and in vain they bled for freedom, if we must now give our birthright to our younger brother for a mess of pottage. If the spirits of the mighty dead take cognizance of sublimity things, the immortal patriots of our revolution frown with indignation on their degenerate sons who are too heartless to appreciate, and who want the courage to rescue from the grasp of foreigners, the noble legacy they left us.

Fellow citizens, we warn you in the most solemn manner, to beware of, and to suspect that man of cherishing treason in his heart, who would willingly share with foreigners at so cheap a rate as our laws allow, our dearest political rights, the very foundation and bulwark of our republican government. He that will not cherish these and defend them from foreign aggression, as he would the very wife of his bosom, we hold to be unfaithful to his country, and unworthy of the inestimable privileges he enjoys. And equally unfaithful, and equally unworthy is he, who shall attempt to sow division in our ranks, whether by endeavoring to identify us with party, or, by other means.

Rouse up, then, native Americans! Hitherto you have slumbered in false security! Awake to a sense of your danger, already the Philistines surround you, your Della but caresses to destroy. Awake ere you be shorn of your strength. The crisis has arrived when you must ACT, or expect from your indulgence and apathy, to see your government and country in the hands of foreigners, and yourselves and children the servants of the slaves of Kings.

JOSIAH F. POLK,  
C. H. W. WHARTON,  
JNO. WILSON,

Committee on Address, of the Native American  
Association of the United States, Washington City.

## WASHINGTON.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1837.

"OUR COUNTRY—ALWAYS RIGHT—BUT, RIGHT OR WRONG,  
OUR COUNTRY."

With the present number we commence our task. To our individual feelings it will form an epoch—and be the result, for personal good or personal evil, with all humility; yet, in all devotion, we lay every consideration down, and offer up every thing of energy and ardor that we may possess, to the great principles of the Native American Association. We make the offer freely, because we believe that the object of our creed is calculated to elevate the standard of our country, and give us among the nations of the earth that proud rank to which we are entitled. Singular and independent in our political doctrines, so we should be in our national characteristics; and nature, reason, justice, all, point to one mean as the surest of bringing about that glorious and salutary end—a National character. In these two words are contained all of wisdom, of virtue, and perpetuity; they should be written on every heart and every mind in this Union. To us, as Americans, the establishment and maintenance of a separate Government is all-important. We have rejected the doctrines of the monarchists, the oligarchist, and the despot. We have drawn from the constitutions of other lands whatever was wise in general principles, and from their laws, whatever was salutary in common practice. We have examined their theories, weighed and adopted their merits, investigated their evils, and discarded them. From the mighty mass of governmental experiments, we have erected one that rises high and pure—colossal and beautiful—a statue of a complete deity—armed with virtue and majesty; the veneration of our hearts, and the wonder of foreign minds. This statue is sunk deep, like a mighty oak, into our soil and our nature. We love it, because our fathers gathered beneath its arms in the din of the revolution, and because we repose in its shadow amid the placid walks of peace.

If our fathers, for wise purposes, buckled on the armor for battle; if, to maintain their rights, and secure to themselves and their descendants the inestimable blessings of freedom, they thought proper to raise their arms against the dictates of a foreign king; and if they afterwards examined the constitutions of foreign countries, for the purpose of perfecting one for their own, we have a right, upon the same principle, in our day, and for our good, to investigate our own laws, and to prevent the encroachments of a foreign mass of population, which, in our view of the case, is as dangerous in its immediate and ultimate effects, as the abuses that drove the colonists to revolution.

It is useless to repeat, at this time, the form of our Government and its history. We feel it in our daily avocations; we remember it in the very forms of our social colloquy. Its form and origin are impressed upon our mind in characters that cannot, that must not, die. We are Republicans; more so in our theory than we may possibly be in our practice, because we are yet in the experiment; we are before the great jury of Time, and we are progressing rapidly, we fondly hope and believe, to the grand accomplishment. On the other hand, wealth and hereditary power are effecting triumphs in Europe—the contest is anxious, powerful, and interesting; the hopes of patriots hang over the battle in a state of fearful suspense; every energy of the monarchical principle is strained to triumph—every sinew of the giant is stretched, and he scatters in his Herculean strength the firebrands and missiles of his warfare over every free country of the globe, or wherever freedom is breathed by the voice of an indignant people. Will he forget, in his fearful efforts to obtain the ascendancy, that country which is forever quoted to him as the final experiment of man—the flourishing republic of the United States? Surely not; nor has he forgotten us. We have received, are daily receiving, and will continue so to do, the miserable evidences of his watchfulness. In the course of a few, very few years, we, the natives, will be in the minority. The increase to our population from Europe, within the last five years, has been as great, if not greater, in proportion to our domestic production. Policy and beggary outstrip the efforts of nature, and we are peopled by the policy of foreign courts. Long before our sons can tread their native soil, as voters, these emigrants will have been in possession of the elective franchise, and have become the arbiters in the great political contests—they rally—they centre—they co-operate—they are conquerors. For what objects do they so unite? Look at human nature—examine its propensities—its wild ambitions, and sordid aspirations. Power is their object. Power is every thing in all governments—it is extremely dangerous in one like ours, where great respect is paid to the officers of the republic; but when these officers are foreigners—aliens to our customs and modes of thought, and the same class constitute the greater proportion of the voters, what is the result? Old feelings return—reverence for the office, grows into veneration of the man; gradually the servile passion increases; it rolls on through every post-office, and custom-house, and petty

office, until, gathering to a focus at the feet of the President, it bursts into one long and dreadful shout; and lo, from the midst of these heterogeneous factions, springs up the monarchical, or the tyrannical principle; and the land of Washington is converted into the footstool of a Tarquin.

We are occupying too much space. We would not weary, but there are statements to be made—opinions to be broached and sustained; and, in the incipient stages of a moral revolution, there is an under current of enthusiasm, which rises to the stern and stubborn surface, and mingles its glowing colors with the steady stream.

Our friends at a distance who have received the Circular of the Corresponding Secretary of the Native American Association, will be so good as to use those Circulars to the promotion of the common cause, and report as soon as possible the result of their labor.

Owing to the want of the regular exchange papers, we have not been enabled to give as great a variety of miscellaneous matter as we would have wished, we have been obliged to rely upon our own resources, which are possibly not of the first order, and in the hurry and excitement incident to the establishing of a paper upon moral and distinct principles, these resources have been somewhat confined. To all, every apology for these deficiencies, and a promise to have more miscellaneous matter in our next number, we intrust our first issue to the public, relying upon the sympathy of our friends and the cause we advocate to sustain us in our career.

A friend from Norfolk inform us, that on his passage up the river from that city, while in the bay, he saw a vessel bound to Baltimore, filled with passengers; he says, they stood on the decks and sides of the vessel as "thick as hops," (to use his emphatic expression.) They are now snugly fixed away in the Dutch taverns of the Monumental city, smoking their pipes and dreaming of fatherland. Think they in the abiding and holy enthusiasm that characterized our parents, of the blessings of a political government free and unshackled—alone and gloriously independent; know they aught of bloody Lexington and stern Bunker, of old Putnam and the brave men who fought on that sacred height—of Washington, and of his deeds of war, and self sacrifices of peace? Know they how the thirteen Colonies rose up and in the days of their infancy shook the Lion from their thresholds and drove him from their possessions; how our ancestors in the assembled Congress, after mature deliberation and wise reflection issued the Bill of Rights, and how (wondrous and sublime spectacle,) a whole people, without a murmur of dissent, ratified the covenant and the declaration; the covenant to maintain freedom, the declaration that proclaimed it to the world, as the birth right of Americans? No—they know nothing of all these things; years of study may teach them the immortal history; but will these people study? Can they study? No—they are not students of the Universities of Germany, they are the men who have from boyhood up, have doffed their caps to passing royalty; who have paid four dollars to the government for liberty to kill an ox to support their families; who have, with characteristic apathy, allowed themselves to be taxed to clothe with jewels the princes of their adoration. And these are the men who are to negative the votes of our native born citizens; these men ignorant as we have said, of all our doctrines, and of that revolution and those wars which cradled those principles, who are to exercise almost at once the functions of freemen, or rather to be equal participants with us, in those inimitable, which at such prices of noble blood and suffering, we proudly and fearlessly enjoy.

## A PICTURE.

We call public attention to the following facts, afforded by the intelligent New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer. These two hundred are doubtless the elite of the emigrants, men who may possess some pride and money, and not immediately dependant on the parish; and who, finding that they had arrived in a land as much beggarly European as their own, have thought it better to return to their old haunts. Let prosperous breezes fill their sails, and welcome be they to the white cliffs of Old England!

The population of New York must, indeed, resemble the miserable cities of the old world, and to a foreigner present a familiar spectacle; and yet we claim to be separate in our laws and government, and distinct in our habits and customs. How long will we remain so, if we are to have the great limbs of our population inoculated with this corrupting mass of foreign emigration?

What benefit is to be derived from the return to Europe of this one or two hundred batch, when Catherine street is the bed of thousands of these impoverished people—a portentous figure of the final destiny of our country—blocking up our public avenues with their bodies they will hereafter mar and possess our public places of trust; whence, looking around our country, and seeing thousands and thousands of their countrymen lying about penniless and worthless, how easy will it be for their leaders, who possess these public powers, to call upon this mass to rouse and usurp this fair country to themselves? That these results may happen is probable; for the "Liverpool Mail" states the number of emigrants to New York at ten thousand per month! And it is not a fact, that Prince Metternich is making arrangements to despatch to our shores four hundred and fifty thousand of his subjects? Now sixty thousand inhabitants, according to the law of the United States, have a right to form a State; and these four hundred and fifty thousand subjects of a foreign Prince, can form themselves into seven States. They have the power if they have the will; and we are tenants of our liberty only at will of foreign despots, and dependant on them for the majority in our National Legislature.

Are these things to be borne by the sons of the Revolution of seventy-six? But we will go on in our toleration of this evil, until every right shall have been yielded; and, with every right, every hope of regaining them. Crushed in spirit and in body, we will lie prostrate beneath the feet of a Holy Alliance of Kings, and then the proud anthem will go forth from the thrones, rejoicing in the subjugation of the people of the free United States:

"Large numbers of emigrants continue to arrive: a British brig to-day brings 350. Some of the late arrivals bring the small-pox; and on board of one ship, it is said that some of the passengers died of starvation! These are horrible evils, and Congress must remedy them. Many of the emigrants are deceived in Europe by shippers, and then cheated when they are shipped. It does seem as if Europe was pouring out its vast population upon us. Our streets are full of foreign beggars. During the hot weather their appearance in the morning reminds one of Naples, or the Leves at New Orleans, where so many make beds of cotton bags. One of our streets (Catharine street) is a long bed, the pillows being the stepping-stones, the bed the rocky side-walk—the sheets the awnings of the shops."

## THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

It will strike every one as remarkable, that, in the year 1663, one hundred and thirty years before the city was laid out, that the site was called Rome, and the stream that ran through it, and which Tom Moore, in order to compass a witticism, called Goose Creek, was denominated Tiber. Rome—Tiber—singular coincidence—to be prophetic of the splendor of the western hemisphere!

There is another anecdote relative to this city, which seems to mark it with a solemn and impressive character. Prior to the revolution, there was one house on the banks of the Potomac, on the ground now occupied by the city of Washington, and that dwelling is still standing, and known as "Young's Mansion House," near the long bridge, an old family domicile. Mr. C—, the father of a man who made himself illustrious in the revolution, and a relation, were on a visit to the family who occupied the house; and, standing on the banks of the river, Mr. C—, after some conversation which has not descended to us with the tradition, remarked—"This place is destined to be the seat of an immense empire."

We give an extract from the survey, in which the names Rome and Tiber appear; and are glad to have an opportunity of preserving so authentic a relic. We will remark, that the paper on which the survey was written, and the hand-writing, were both executed in the reign of Charles II.

[COPY.]

JUNE 5th, 1663.

Laid out for Francis Pope, of this province, Gentleman, a parcel of land in Charles County, called Room, lying on the north side of the Anacostian River; beginning at a marked oak standing by the river side, the bounded tree of Capt. Robert Troop, and running North by the river for breadth the length of 200 perches, to a bounded oak standing at the mouth of a bay or inlet called Tiber; bounding on the North by the said line drawn East for the length of 320 ps. to a bounded oak standing in the woods; on the East with a line drawn South from the end of the former line, until you meet with the exterior bounded tree of Robt. Troop, called Scotland Yard; on the South, with the sd. land; on the West with the sd. river; containing, and now laid out for 400 acres, more or less.

The same manuscript describes the lines of the tract called "Scotland Yard," which we deem it unnecessary to transcribe.

## NOTICES OF MAGAZINES.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Kennedy & Elliot, we have before us the July number of the American Monthly Magazine, edited by C. F. Hoffman, R. M. Bird, and Parke Benjamin, Esquires. A work, so edited, should be of the first rank. Hoffman is a brilliant writer, Dr. Bird is one of the most successful of American novelists, and Benjamin is a poet, who, as yet, has not taken that stand in our literature which his fine talents entitle him to. The trio form a powerful editorial fraternity; though, as yet, they have not given in this work any very striking evidence of combined or individual talent. We allude especially to past numbers which have come under our notice. If Vanderlyn, however, is by one of the editors, which we doubt, we are ready to pay him the compliment of being one of the most thrilling magazine writers of the day. But, to the July number—We thank the editors and publishers for the portrait; it is very clever, and almost equals the spirited outlines of Frazer's caricatures—Dr. Williams! For us his portrait need never have been drawn. In our mind's eye, he is now poised in all the ponderous grandeur of three hundred weight—bone, muscle, and fat. Well do we remember his appearance in our court room. The scene is impressed upon the memory; and we see now the grave and dignified being, calm and serene—the bar below, curious and quizzical—the clerks anxious and amused—the counsellors pondering their speeches, turning in their minds the eloquent thought, and alone, stiff with wisdom, the miracle himself—the embodied dream of Esculapius—the realization of his deep and sublime imaginings—the fat and frolicsome oculist, grandiloquent Williams! Well has the "scraper" sketched his contour—bald head, around which a halo seemed to shine—hair well brushed—red cheeks, that bore the blushing honors of the cellar well—a pompous, royal mouth, and nose of aristocratic curl—and chin rolled up, like the parchment on which is written the charter of Old England, and put away at interest in the stocks. Well did the doctor look the Oracle. He sat with a grave and haughty air near his counsel, and eyed the jury with a scanning look. The back scenes of the court room were filled up with boxes and valets belonging to the prisoner of the law—for doctor Williams, servant of kings, has numerous servants to wait upon his beck and call. These boxes were the sacred receptacles of his affidavits and diplomas—of his pills and nostrums. Altogether, he seemed to our eye the concentrated focus of imposition and humbuggery—of insolent ignorance, and audacious bombast. Well did his attorney, learned in the law, defend him, and the impostor escaped. He is now at the South—a real supercilious circular, and precious knave.

And so we go—we poor barbarians—we ignorant people—we admiring race. Whatever is foreign we seize upon—we place it in the post of honor—we fall down and worship it. Let a King's name be forged to a certificate—let a President of a foreign college subscribe, in bona fide style, his name to an affidavit or diploma, and we will submit to have our legs cut off, and our eyes bored out, whether they need the operation or not. A royal physician is to operate upon our democratic bodies, and lo, he is surrounded by the lame—the blind, and the ill.

He waves his wand of foreign magic in the air, and the lame, blind, and the ill, believe that it is potent to cure, though the lame still limp, and the blind see not; and the public American press teems with the evidences of the miraculous power of the boot-cleaners to English gentlemen's servants. So we are humbugged by foreign doctors—and so we will be enslaved by foreign kings.

Nothing has gone down with a gusto, for the last few years, but exotics. An advertisement is stuck up at an auction store, noticing the sale of "exotic trees," and our humbugged wives and daughters are willing to give their 20's and 50's for the German flowers. Have not our valleys flowers as sweet? Does not the lily grow up by the limpid fountain pure and white—emblem, most lovely, of our native character? Does not the wild rose cluster on our road sides, and the red honey suckle clamber from rock to rock, more beautiful than the yellowest tulip that ever honored the waters of the "deep blue sea" by crossing them?

We run after foreign doctors—and we will soon run after foreign lawyers, to interpret to our yearning minds the deep mysteries of the freeman's laws. We are mad after foreign books, regardless of our native literature. Every thing that is foreign, is beautiful—their scenery—their opinions—their prose—their poetry—as if our green woods were not more glorious than the parks of the old world; as if our waterfalls did not thunder in grandeur more sublime, than the falls of the Clyde, or the cataracts of the Nile; as if our moun-